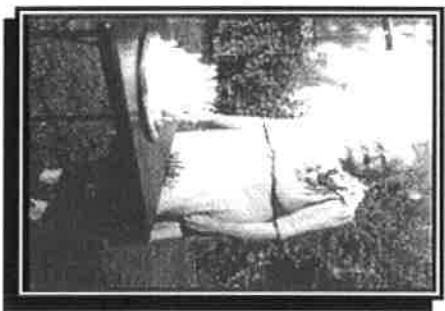


**PARLEY PRATT RALPHS AND JOHANNA MARIA HANSEN**  
**(Parents of Neva Beata Ralphs)**



## Life Sketch of Hannah Ralphs

My father's name is Peter Hansen. He was born March 27, 1839 in Denmark. He joined the Latter-Day Saint Church as a young boy and came to America with his parents. His father's name was Hans Christian and his mother's name was Johannah Maria Pedersen.

They came to Utah September 1862 with the Van Cott Handcart Company. While they were crossing the plains my grandfather was parted from the company. He wandered around and was lost. Then he knelt down and prayed that he would be delivered safely to his family and the company. After he had prayed, a bright star appeared before him and he followed it until he came to his company. This has always been a testimony to our family. After reaching Utah, they settled in Manti. My father was a minute man in the Black Hawk War. He was married in 1863 to Beata Gustava Borjesson. She was born Dec. 14, 1838 in Sweden.

My father was a mason by trade, and built a brick home. He also helped build the Manti Temple. He was a farmer and owned 80 acres of land. Their home was always open to the young people to have dances and parties in. They had nine children while we lived in Manti, four girls and five boys. One boy died in infancy.

In 1878 Father was called by Brigham Young to help settle Castle Valley. He crossed the mountain and went to Castle Dale and homesteaded on a quarter section of land and made dobies and put up a two-room house. Then he went back to Manti where he sold his home and farm and moved his family by ox team and wagon to Castle Dale. My father wasn't satisfied with the farm so he traded his house and land for some land and a dugout in Ferron. They lived there for a while and built the house that Les Cox owns. They later moved to Emery and lived there until their death. Mother died July 28, 1900 and father died Feb. 2, 1915.

I was born in Manti the 7th of Sept. 1867. I was the third of a family of ten children. My family moved to Castle Valley when I was about 10 years old, but I stayed in Manti with my grandmother who lived alone and wanted me to stay and be with her. I was able to attend school in Manti for a few years and I was glad to be with my grandmother as she was always so good to me. She had never learned to speak English so I learned to speak Danish to her.

I recall one of my experiences in Manti as a girl. I wanted to join the Sunday School Choir. My girlfriend had been asked to sing and I knew I was a better singer, so I went to practice without being asked. The leader asked me why I was there and I told him I wanted to sing in the choir, so he took me in a room and I sang for him and he said I could sing well enough to join the choir. I was very happy about this and really enjoyed it. We used to go and serenade people when they were married. I especially remember when Andrew Nelson was married, after we had serenaded them they treated us to homemade beer and cake.

My family were very good friends with Chris Jensen's family. One day we went out to Funk's Lake for a picnic. We children all got in the boat. The one Jensen boy started to rock the boat and we all begged him not to. Finally, I told him if he would stop, I would give him an egg when I got home. I don't know if that saved us or not, but we got out without having an accident. There had been children drowned in that lake before and we were all afraid of it.

When I was nine years old Brigham Young dedicated the grounds for the Temple. Mother, Father, and my grandmother went to the services, but we children were left home to take care of the younger children. I was determined to see Brigham Young so I put on my little black shawl because it was raining and ran

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bare footed through the rain to see him. I stayed in the background so my mother wouldn't see me and hurried home before the services were over.

I stayed in Manti with my grandmother until I was past thirteen then Father came over the mountain on horseback to get me. He had to take provisions back so we had to walk across the mountain. We left Manti in the morning and reached home late that night. I took hold of the horse's tail to help me along. There were no roads, just horse trails. The next day I was so tired and weak, I had to stay in bed. I was so happy to be with my family again as I had missed them so much and there was a new baby boy in our home whom they named Andrew.

At this time my folks were living in the dugout in Ferron. The new home was up but not ready to move into. While we were there, the floods would come from the river and wash our food out of the cellar. We had no lights but a rag dipped in grease and put in a saucer to burn. We had a big family and not much to do with. There were days when we didn't have any flour for bread. Mother ground a little of our precious wheat in the coffee grinder and boiled it for mush. Our cows were dry and Mother made a vinegar sauce mixed with water and thickened it and we put it on the mush.

We raised cane and later father made a molasses mill. I remember sitting out in the cold grinding the sugar cane. People came from all around to get the molasses. They paid for it with butter, eggs, wheat and anything they had to trade.

One day, after we had moved into our new home, mother was washing and we had just taken the tub of hot water off the fire. Willy, my six-year old brother was playing near it and fell into the boiling water. There were no doctors around to give him medical aid and he only lived six hours after the accident.

Father and Mother had all the young people come to their home for parties. We made molasses candy to serve and the house was large enough to hold dances. There was one old gentleman who always played the fiddle for us to dance. Mother was a friend to everyone.

I didn't stay home long because we had a big family and not much to live on. Mother found a place for me to work for my room and board and they paid me twenty-five cents a week. The people I worked for were old and their names were Felsted. I stayed with them a year. Then I started waiting on women who had new babies. I had to cook and wash and wait on the family. I had to carry water from the ditches to wash with and had to wash on the washboard.

The first dance I attended was in the old meeting house between Molen and Ferron. It was raining hard and Jim Rasmussen took me home on his old yellow mule. He lived on the other side of the creek and there was a big flood and he couldn't get home, so Mother made a bed for him and he slept there all night.

My sister Eda and I started going with the Ralphs Brothers. Eda went with John and I went with Parley. We went steady for two years. Father was building a rock house on the land the Ralphs boys owned and it was for the daughter that was going to be married first. We were both working out, so I didn't know when Eda was planning her wedding. One night when Parley came after me, he said we're going into Ferron to a wedding dance. I tried to think of who was getting married as there were only a few young girls. I couldn't decide who it was and Parley wouldn't tell me. When we got home, it was Eda and John's wedding, so they were married January 1st and we were married January 18, just 18 days apart. Later we were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, May 23, 1884. John and Eda rode with us in the covered wagon and it took several days.

For my wedding, Mother prepared a big dinner and invited all our friends and neighbors. My father-in-law, who was living in American Fork, came for the

wedding. He was a great entertainer and sang songs and did the clog dance and spent the rest of the winter living with Joe and Amanda. For my wedding dinner, Mother killed chickens and had all the trimmings including starch cake. We stood at the head of the table and Bishop Olsen married us. After the wedding dinner, we sang and danced all night. My wedding dress was a cream mohair, which I bought from Mrs. Stringham for eight dollars. She had just recently been married and wanted to sell it. It was a lovely, well-made dress. I paid a little on it each week until it was paid for. I had been making a dollar a week and had bought ten yards of factory which I sewed up for two sheets and four yards for two pair of pillow slips. I was very proud of these. Mother gave me two quilts and two pillows and father gave us five head of sheep.

We had enough brick on our place across the street from the rock house to build a four room house. In the meantime father was helping to finish the meeting house and they ran out of brick and took all our brick to finish it. The men then went and got logs to build a four room house and later I had it weather boarded.

Water was a big problem. We had to use the ditch water which we dipped up in barrels to settle and then carried it to the house. Later on I had a cistern made and that was a big improvement. Our light was a small kerosene lamp and later we had the gas lights.

We had lots of cows to milk and I made and sold butter at 15 cents a pound. Eda, my sister, helped me make cheese to sell. Some of the cheese weighed 16 lbs. and sold for 18 cents a pound. To make the cheese we put the new milk in a big tub. Rennet was added to curd the milk. Then we would take a saucer and dip off the whey. We added butter, coloring and salt and put it in hoops and put it in a press. The whey would all run off. Every day we would have to take it out of the press and turn it and grease it to keep it moist. It took about two weeks before it was ready to eat. With the money I earned from the cheese, I bought a dining room extension table and chairs to match.

My first churn was a dash churn and my first separator was a large tin can which held about fifteen gallons. It had a cream gauge and a spout. You had to add water to the milk to get it to raise. You let the milk and water out and the cream was left. Wheat was about a cent a pound and they would take a load of wheat to the mill in Orangeville and get enough flour to last for a year.

We went to Church and went to a few dances and parties but we couldn't go to much because I had a baby about every two years. My husband was always good to help with the children and would take the boys with him wherever he went. One day as they were coming back from the farm in the wagon, the high water had washed out the bank. When they went to cross, the water was so high it took the horses down. Will, Leon, and Cliff jumped out into the water and swam to the bank. Elwin stayed in the wagon. Mirl jumped in the stream and floated downstream until he came to the barwire fence where he held on until help came. My husband's brother who had heard the calls for help came down and helped get the boys and horses out of the river. That was really a close call, but I know the boys and horses out of the river.

Our Heavenly Father blessed us. We had a large farm, 80 acres, across the river south of town and fifty-three acres down by Molen. We had about sixty head of cattle and enough horses to do the farm work and horses for the boys to ride. There was enough work for the boys so they stayed at home as they grew up. Each of the boys sometime in their youth had broken arms or shoulders caused from riding horses.

We had eight children and one still-born, six boys and two girls. The last twelve years of his life, my husband had ulcers of the stomach and was not able to do much work. The older boys had to do the farm work. He passed away October 1, 1903 at the age of 44. The oldest boy was eighteen and the youngest was two years. He left me with an insurance policy of two thousand dollars and the farm and cattle.

I was in poor health after my husband died, also suffering with ulcers of the stomach. I was very sick and lay at the point of death, but I prayed to the Lord that I might live to raise my children. I regained my health and my prayer was answered.

I bought one of the first pianos in Ferron, also a new rug for the front room and had the rooms papered and painted. I moved to Castle Dale for two years with my children so that they could attend the Emery Stake Academy. I sent two of the boys to the B.Y.U., Leon and Cliff. Cliff latter became a school teacher. Leon and Walter, and my daughter, Neva; and later Leon and his wife, Surelda, went on missions for the L.D.S. Church. Leon went to the Central States June 6, 1906, and labored in Texas for 2 years. This young 19 year old man left for Price on a horse with a suitcase tied behind the saddle. He later went with his good wife, Surelda, to the Central States April 24, 1946, laboring in Kansas. They returned May 3, 1948 having completed a very successful mission. Walter went to Mexico June 1921 and spent three years on his mission. Neva was called to the Northern California Mission on September 6, 1952 and returned home April 26, 1954. Elwin served in the Navy during the First World War. My children have all held high positions in the church such as: Bishops, Stake Presidents, Sunday School Superintendents, Primary President, Relief Society Counselor, and Stake Relief Society Counselor.

The eighteen years we were married we had a lot of sickness. We had never been in debt and always had money on hand. Parley took \$100 with him on his trip to California. I traded four big hams for a sewing machine and sold cheese to get the dining room table and chairs. I was left with a two thousand dollars insurance policy which was used to educate my children. The year he passed away, Parley had raised, with another man, 1400 bushels of grain. I had \$350 in the Co-op drawing interest. I later drew that out to buy a piano and let a pit of potatoes go to buy wire for a fence which was one of the first in Ferron.

I have worked in the different organizations of the church. I was secretary in the Relief Society, first counselor in the Primary, and was President of the religion class for a number of years, and worked on the Old Folks committee for about twenty years.

My health was much better and I was called by President Richard Peterson to work in the Manti Temple for about ten years. I gathered genealogy from Sweden on my mother's side and did the work for three hundred of my ancestors. I worked in the Salt Lake Temple for two or three years. While I was in the Salt Lake Temple, there was a genealogy group of people who took an excursion to the Temple in Canada. There were fifty people who went in two large buses. The President warned us to stay out of dangerous places and not give the adversary a chance because he was always on the alert to do us harm. At one of the places where we stopped for lunch, seven of the women got into a boat. There was a young boy of fourteen running the boat. When they got out in the middle of the lake the boat tipped over. None of the women could swim but there was help near and all the women were rescued. We really had a wonderful time and felt that our Heavenly Father had protected us.

I am now 92 years old and am enjoying good health. I have eight living children, 32 grandchildren, 104 great grandchildren and 30 great-great grandchildren.

Making home a bliss complete has been a lifetime calling for Johannah Maria Hansen Ralphs of the Ferron Ward, Emery Stake, Utah. Married at the age of 17, and working in homes for room and board prior to that, she learned to be thrifty and found by keeping her fingers busy she could create a lovely home. Although her quilts are a rare beauty, her embroidery, crocheting, knitting, and rug-braiding are equally beautiful. She has crocheted many doilies of her own design, also potholders, aprons, tablecloths, lace for pillow slips, bedspreads and etc. to give to her family and friends. Her children and grandchildren have received wedding gifts of her own making usually followed by knitted gifts for the new babies.

Mrs. Ralphs was born Sept 7, 1867 in Manti, Utah and as a girl was privileged to attend the dedication of the grounds of the Manti Temple, where she saw Brigham Young. After her family was raised she filled a Temple mission there and through close contact with members of her parents family has been instrumental in promoting genealogy work, and her undimmed memory has given much assistance to this group. With her parents, she pioneered in Castle Valley, where she met and married Parley Pratt Ralphs. She is the mother of 8 living children, has 32 grandchildren, 76 great-grandchildren and 12 great-great grandchildren. Widowed at an early age she took the task at hand and cheered and blessed those around her. She has worked in the organizations of the Church, has been Secretary of the Relief Society and a visiting teacher during most of her married life.

Her ninety years have been full of love and compassion for everyone. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, she seeks after these things.

Ralphs History  
by Myrtle J. Christensen

Four sons of Benjamin Ralphs and Mary Edwards emigrated from Hodnet, Shropshire, England: Joseph (christened Jan. 8, 1810), Richard (christened Sep. 8, 1812), William Benjamin (born May 16, 1816) and Thomas (born July 22 1819). They crossed the ocean and landed at New Orleans, where they took a river boat up the Mississippi to Nauvoo in the spring of 1842. Richard, Joseph and Thomas were potters, and were part of a company making fine earthenware china in Nauvoo. Joseph was killed by lightning while at Nauvoo at the age of 35. Richard, traveled to Utah in 1852 in the "Second Company of James J Jepson", which crossed Iowa with teams in order to avoid the dangers of the Missouri River. Richard stopped and lived in Provo for a while, after which he migrated on to San Bernardino California. His family started the Ralphs Grocery Chain. Thomas settled in Brigham City, and his son Thomas Heber Ralphs moved on to Clifton Idaho, in Cache Valley where a large number of that Ralphs line still reside. William Benjamin Ralphs settled in Salt Lake. He moved later to South Cottonwood and finally to American Fork. Three of William's sons migrated to Castle Valley in the early 1880's. Joe, the oldest, homesteaded 160 acres in the meadows between Ferron and Molen. He divided this in thirds among his younger brothers Parley and John.

Joseph Ralphs  
by Walter Ralphs

Uncle Joe, as everyone called him, was born in 1849 in Iowa on the way to Utah. He was raised in Salt Lake, but not much is known of his early life. Joe married Ann Cable, but she would not move to Castle Valley with him. Joe divorced her and left her in American Fork. They had one daughter. When she was grown, she moved to Canada married, and stayed there. Her mother went with her and lived with her. Hannah related an experience she had on her trip to the Alberta Temple. In their visit to the temple, they witnessed a marriage sealing. Later, she found out that it had been this daughter of Joe's, and she was fit to be tied to realize she had witnessed it and had not realized who it was.

Joe married Amanda Jensen, daughter of Christian Jensen. They had no children. However, they took in Amanda's sister's son Ray Nelson. Ray was formally adopted and took on the name of Ray N. Ralphs. Later in life, they took in another child, Ann, from a broken home in Salina. Ann helped them out in their later years.

Joe bought a lot in the east end of town along the Molen road across from Jess Conover and built a nice brick home. Later, when Amanda's parents died, they moved into the house across the street from the Church that Clive Worthen lived in. Joe died in that house in 1930.

Ray was raised as their own son. As he was growing up, he helped on the farm. He dated Edrie Nelson and married her. Ray worked as a car salesman, and after a time, moved to Price where they lived a number of years. Later, they moved to Salt Lake. After Joe's death in 1934, Amanda sold her home and went to live with Ray. Ray had three children, a boy and two girls.

A Biography of Parley Pratt Ralphs  
by Hannah Ralphs

Parley was born July 25, 1858 in South Cottonwood, Utah. His parents were pioneers who had joined the Later-Day Saint Church in England and left to join other Mormons who were moving to the West. They faced many problems that are familiar to early Church members. They had known the Prophet Joseph Smith, and enjoyed their association with him.

In the year of 1865, Parley's father had gone to California to visit his oldest daughter, Mary Ellen. While he was gone the mother took sick and died. Because of transportation difficulties in those days, he was unable to get home in time for the funeral. When he finally arrived, his large family of children were staying with different relatives and friends.

Parley had gone to Payson to live with his sister, Emily. He stayed on with her family until the early 1870's. It was then that his oldest brother, Joseph, took him and his brother John to Ferron. The three of them took up homesteading. The boys lived together south of Ferron until they married.

Parley and Anna Marie (Hannah) Hansen were married in 1884. Also at the time, John married Hannah's sister, Eda. Peter Hansen had promised to build each daughter a home. So John and Parley worked along with him and got stone out of the canyon west of Ferron and built a large stone home. The second home was directly across the street and built out of logs. This is where Parley and Hannah raised their six sons and two girls. Both of these homes are in down town Ferron today. Walter, youngest of the children, still lives in Parley's original house.

Farming and cattle raising were their livelihood. Parley was especially interested in horses and always had the best team in town to work with. He had plenty of horses so that his boys could learn to ride. He always took his boys to the field with him, and no matter how young, he tried to find jobs for them to do. Each morning in family prayer, they would ask for safety and protection. Because of this, Hannah never worried about crossing the creek. She was very faithful and implicitly expected the Lord to answer her prayers.

One time when Mirl was only five, he and the other four boys were returning home with their father after a day's work. It was during the time of high water and although the river was high, they had still been going back and forth to their farm. As they neared the opposite bank where the horses were to pull them out of the river, they noticed the bank had washed out and left such a high embankment that the horses weren't able to find a place they could get out of the river. In the excitement the boys jumped out of the wagon because the water had started running through. The older boys were able to get ashore, but Mirl was washed down stream but finally rescued by his father. When he got safely on the bank, his little black cap, which he wore all the time, was still sitting on his head. Farmers near-by had heard the excitement and had come running to help get the horses unharnessed and freed from the wagon so they could get out of the water. It was a close call, as the water was so swift and high. But the family looked at the cheerful side and had many laughs that in all that swift water and being wet from head to foot, Mirl came out of it all without losing his cap.

Parley was a good citizen and helped in many ways to improve the community. He worked at digging ditches, building roads or any other work that was important to the early settlers. He invested money in the co-op's so that things could be made available to the people in Ferron.



For the last few years of his life, Parley was troubled with stomach ulcers. He went to California for a while, taking his son, Leon, with him. He had been in hopes the climate might help his condition, but it didn't seem to justify moving there. Parley died October 2, 1903. His family was still young, but he had trained the older ones to work and they were able to provide for the family who had been left behind.

Parley left a life insurance policy of \$2000. This was a large amount of money and there was no bank to keep it safe. Hannah was very concerned for her safety, since she was a widow with a young family and all that money was in the house. She lived in fear that something would happen to her and the money. She put it to work by lending it out to people in Ferron. Many of the prosperous men in Ferron got their start from Hannah's money. They would borrow it and pay it back with interest.

Will was 18 and Leon was 16 when their father died. They did all the work on the farm, and the other boys helped as they got big enough. At times, Hannah leased out the farm and cattle to other men in Ferron. This was unfortunate, because many of the cattle were "lost" or died of hunger during the drought. As the boys became of age, they ran the cattle and took the increase to get their start. Hannah used her money and her means to help each boy get started.